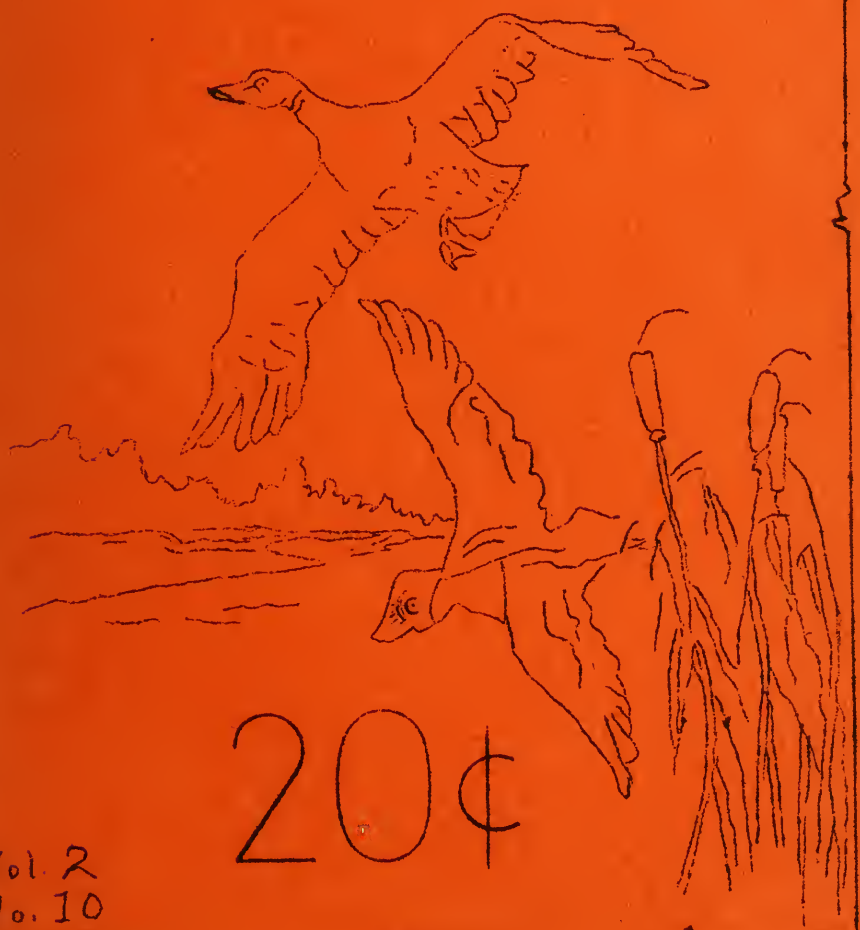


# NORTHERN JUNKET



20¢

Vol. 2  
No. 10





TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

It sure was nice to get home! New Hampshire is still my favorite state.

There seemed to be a more serious manner of the dancers toward learning about backgrounds of the dances taught. Especially was this true on the west coast.

Eastern dancers who are dancing what they think are western style squares ought to know that everywhere out there is really disturbed about the amount of twirling done in their squares. And they are doing all they can to discourage it. It's got so that every square figure resembles a drunken whirling dervish. Everything is done with a twirl, from ending a promenade, to ladies chain, ending a swing or a do si do. It was the consciousness of opinion out there that if the men were the ones getting the business, 90 per cent of it would stop. And if you could see how ridiculous you look the other 10 per cent would stop even sooner. So all of club dancers who want to go "western" get next to the idea that out there it isn't considered exactly kosher.

Everywhere, New England contras were a big hit. They really loved them. Last year they thought they liked them; this summer they know they did. Be seeing you.

Ralph

# A TRAIPSIN' CALLER

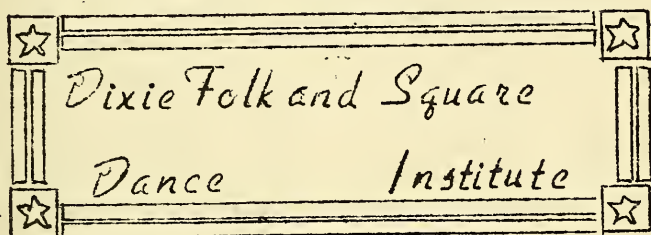


The last few days, before leaving for a long trip are spent in a daze. You eat, you walk you sleep, you play. Outwardly you seem the same as ever, but you find yourself thinking: "Two days from now I'll be in -----" Or "Do I need to take so many sport shirts?" or "Shall I take a long an alarm clock?" Hundreds of such thoughts drift in and out of your mind. It's almost like being two different people; one of whom is living in a state of suspended animation.

Comes the final morning and you are awakened by the constant ringing of the telephone. As you sleepily reel downstairs you say: "Thank the Lord I'll be away from the sound of that thing for a while." It's your good friend Tony inquiring if you have a ride to the airport. "I'll be over for you about 1:30" he promises.

You eat a leisurely meal, more than you'd normally eat for it will be twelve hours before you have another. You make all the last minute phone calls. You ride to the airport. --- Your plane comes in on time. You take the only seat

available, beside a sweet young lady who informs you: "My name is Doris I live in White River Junction I'm five years old and traveling all alone to see my grandpa and grandma in New York" Just like that, all in one breath. Lean back and relax. You're on the way.



From the time we got off the plane in Atlanta to be given a fine southern welcome, til the time we left, a week later we associated with the friendliest group of square dancers in the country.

The registration this year was nearly four times that of 1950, and came from twelve states. An even healthier sign was the registering of fourteen high school students. These young men and women danced with considerable skill and finesse and added much to the enthusiasm and gaiety of all the classes.

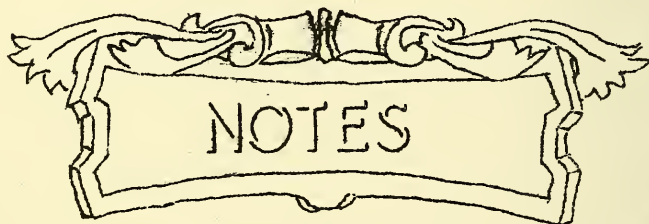
Twenty seven school teachers from nearby cities and towns gave further evidence that square and folk dancing in the Atlanta area is being conducted on a sound basis.

The Institute was held once more at the Georgia Military Academy. No one was ever late for breakfast either, for bugles began blowing each morning at 6:45 and continued every five minutes for the next hour.



Classes and evening parties were held in a huge gymnasium. Folk, square, circle, couple and contra dances were taught. Callers sessions and discussion periods every afternoon.

It was our privilege to meet here one of the most inspiring men we've ever met. Arthur Lown is an excellent folk dancer. He is an excellent square dancer. And he is totally blind! For a whole week we watched in admiration and amazement at his ability; not only to dance the old familiar figures, but to learn completely new ones. Not once did we see him confused. It was always somebody with two eyes that loused up a dance, never Arthur. We'll have a lot more to say about him in a future issue. He was an inspiration to all of us; teachers as well as students. For our money Arthur Lown is the finest folk and square dancer in the country.



Murray Sherman, Brooklyn, N.Y. folk dance leader kept everyone in good humor throughout the week with his jokes and repartee. He taught some nice folk dances too, and was most helpful with the beginners.

A special "beginners" class was held right after dinner the first three days of camp. It would have done your heart good to see the other campers helping out in this class. This is the kind of attitude that ensures Atlanta of a continued interest in square dancing.

One afternoon we were invited to be a part of a television show in Atlanta. We danced one square, Waltz Country Dance and The Roberts. It was a new experience for everyone.

That same afternoon, following the t v show we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Monroe at his beautiful home for a Georgia "watermelon cutting". Wonderful! We ate watermelon, sweet as honey, til the juice ran out our ears!

Some good callers have been developed here the past year. We liked especially the work of Lewis Camp and Carl Knox.

Speaking of callers; there were some excellent ones at the school. Clarence Haller, Evansville, Indiana; Ray Olson, Moline, Illinois; Jerry Reynolds, Buffalo, New York, are mighty fine callers. Reynolds is one of the best singing callers we've ever heard. You've never danced "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry," til you've danced it to Haller's calling. He gives it the necessary "something" that takes it out of the "whoop'n holler" class and makes it an interesting square dance figure. Olson's square "The Arches", was a nice study of contrasts, which was one of the reasons that we liked it so much. Both he and Haller give the lie to those who think all mid-western dancing is of the fast, rough-house variety.

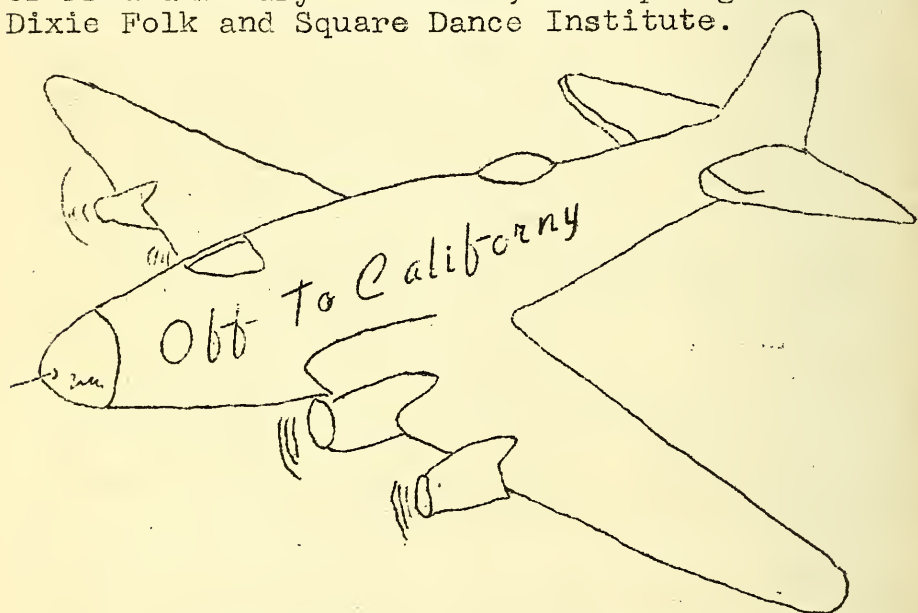
Carl Knox had a nice surprise for us one night. He found enough sweet corn in his own corn patch for the entire school. It was the first we'd had this summer and was delicious. He did the same for last years school and we hope it becomes a yearly event.

We missed the Harold Mansfields this year. Dieticians at the Academy for several seasons they have now retired to a nearby farm. They vi-

sited at some of the evening parties along with their young son, Timothy.

A surprise visitor the last day of school-Dick Sanders, Wytheville, Virginia. Still confined to a wheelchair following an attack of polio he seemed in the best of spirits and full of an inborn courage to conquer the handicap. New England friends will be pleased to know that he is making steady progress.

Two thirds of the 1950 Institute attended the one this year. This also speaks well for the year-round interest and excellent teaching of Fred and Mary Collette, mainsprings of the Dixie Folk and Square Dance Institute.



Groggy from lack of sleep (whoever heard of sleeping the last night of camp?) we made the Delta-American morning flight to San Francisco with some few minutes to spare. We suppose that there are people who don't have to do last minute packing, but so far in life we are not numbered among them.



We hated to leave Atlanta and did so with some reluctance. Another year, so help us, we are going to wait a day before taking off for the clouds and fog of San Francisco.

At New Orleans we were met by an old New Hampshire friend--Roger Mitchell--now living in the south and liking it, as who wouldn't? Visited together for twenty minutes, and while the time was short, we said a lot in that time. It's nice to meet folks from your old home town.

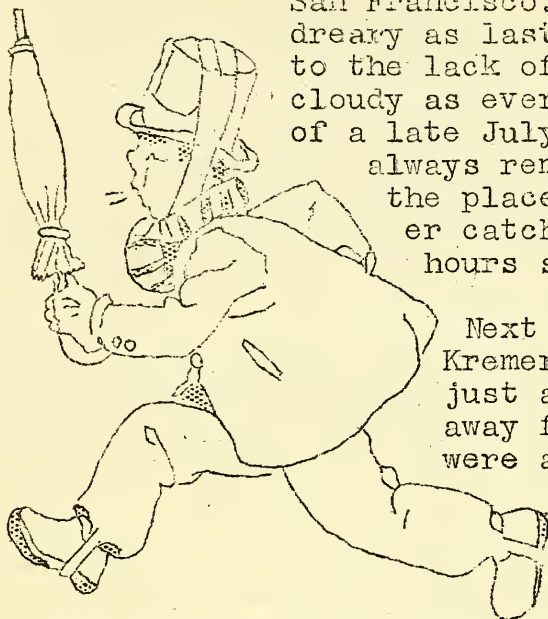
Coming into Fort Worth--Dallas, we expected to meet bumpy flying. It usually is around that part of Texas. We were "happily disappointed" as the old saying goes. After the thunder storm we flew through over Virginia coming down we'll take any old bump anywhere. All others will be dated from those then encountered! In fact the whole trip across to the west coast was smooth and as easy as sitting in your easy chair.

Grounded for an hour and a half at El Paso the time was spent writing post cards and walking around the airport building. Also, enjoyed a cigar, which you are not allowed to smoke aboard your plane.

Seated in the waiting room was a veritable giant of a man--Jack Earle--who was taller sitting down than I was standing up. Over eight feet tall, he is one of the tallest men in the world. You always miss the most interesting pictures, and we cursed the fact that our camera--as usual--was aboard the plane, and we couldn't get it because of a small sand storm that was holding us there. Well we've always said we were--"too big to be a midget, and too small to be a man".

So late out of El Paso that we made very

short stops at Tucson and Phoenix.



San Francisco. Not as cold and dreary as last year, due perhaps to the lack of rain. It was as cloudy as ever, and not our idea of a late July evening. Shall always remember the city as the place where an easterner catches an extra three hours sleep.

Next day we visited Ed Kremer's record shop--- just a couple of blocks away from our hotel. And were agreeably surprised when Michael and Mary Ann Herman entered the shop. Plans were made for dinner togeth-

er that night and for taking the same train next morning. Dinner, we never ate together; nobody in their right mind moved far from their fire that "foggy" night. We were told repeatedly that it was fog and not rain. OK. So it was fog. Even if the drops were large as dimes.

Found a few folk dance books in two second hand bookshops, and some interesting books about our hobby-folklore. So our visit to San Francisco was not without its reward.

Nine o'clock next morning found the Hermans and us on the same bus driving to the Oakland terminal of the Santa Fe Railroad. The dining car opened as soon as we left the city and we were among its first customers. Long before we'd finished eating we were out of the cloudy gloom of the Bay area and winding through their famous brown hills of the Coastal Range, surroun-

ded by clear blue skies and warm sun. Neither of them was lost for the next three weeks. In the summer, it never rains in the San Joaquin Valley.

Time passed swiftly. We had so much that we wanted to say to each other. All of us a bit excited about the coming folk dance camp at the College of the Pacific.

Each one of us thought the others had notified Lawton Harris that we would arrive on the noon train. You know how such things are--no one notifies anybody.

Naturally, no one was at the Stockton railroad station to meet us. Young Dana Murton was on the same train and we recognized each other at once. Seems that he was going to work at the camp, and was getting there a day early. He phoned the college and soon Ken Wahrenbrock was pulling into the yard in a new town car. A few seconds later Mr. and Mrs. Harris drove up.

That afternoon we passed unpacking and meeting other members of the faculty as they arrived, and operating a mimeographing machine.

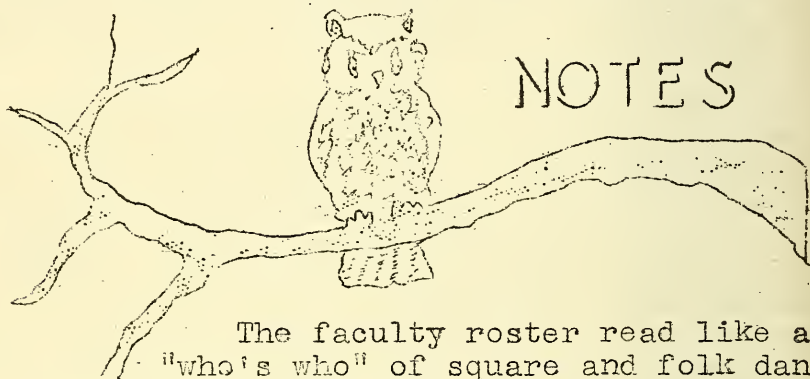


We didn't have to do this; it just seemed like a better way of passing the afternoon. We'll never forget our introduction to our room-mate--Bob Hagar, Tacoma, Washington,

All mimeograph machines are similar, and all are a bit different from others. So, we were trying to solve the mysteries of a brand new A. B. Dick open cylinder job, and getting well smear-

ed with ink in the process. When we were at our inkiest in walked this distinguished looking gentleman inquiring for Lawton Harris. Lawton being out at the moment, he turned to and helped us cipher out the contraption. From then on we were firm friends.

The faculty danced together a bit that evening, then retired to a restaurant nearby for coffee and sandwiches and more talk. And then--we were ready for the 1951 Folk Dance Camp.



The faculty roster read like a "who's who" of square and folk dancing. Here they are and you'll see what we mean.

Folk Dances: Mildred Buhler, chairman; Michael & Mary Ann Herman; Una Kennedy; Celia Olivar; Lucile Ozarnowski; Dvera Lapson.

Square Dances: Vera Holleuffer, chairman; Gus Empie; Herb Greggerson; Jack McKay; Jack Hoheizal; Bob Osgood; Ralph Page.

Western Folk Dance Leaders: A.C. Smith, chairman; Genevieve Dexter; Buzz Glass; Madelynne Greene; Walter Grothe; Carolyn Mitchill; Grace Perryman; George Murten; Grace West.

A day's schedule ran something like this: Breakfast, 7:15-8; First class, 8:05; 2nd class at 9:10; 3rd. at 10:15; 4th. at 11:20; lunch, 12:15-1:00; Assembly, 3:00; workshops, 4-5:00; dinner, 5:45-6:15;



lawn party, 7:15-8:30; evening class, 8:30-9:30; party in gym, 9:30-11.

That kind of a schedule sort of makes for a full day. Some of the campers were there for all three sessions, and they knew darned well it was a full schedule.

Six classes were being taught simultaneously. Each teacher averaged about three classes a day plus a workshop period set up by himself as his classes wanted. We say "about" three classes daily, for one day you might teach two, and on the following day, three classes. And on occasion a class at night. So you see the teachers earned their money.

The "End Zone" proved as popular as ever with everyone. Some of the gayest hours of camp were spent there. Singing, dancing, story telling, and "initiations" were part of the hijinks that made the place a must for all campers. No one willingly missed a session here. Whenever you saw Herb Greggerson or Bob Hagar wandering around the room, mischief was probably being plotted. Whenever you saw them both wandering aimlessly around, you knew darned well there was.



Bob Hagar trained a group in the "Muckleshoot Stomp", an Indian dance composed of authentic figures of several tribes and incorporated into one dance. In full regalia, the group did the dance at one of the gym parties.

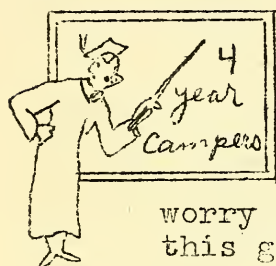
During one of the "End Zone" parties we saw the Muckleshoot tribe adopt Ralph Page, Lawton Harris, Herb Greggerson, George Murton, and Dvora Lapson into full membership. This party was wire recorded and sent to Vyts Beliaius---



would have been one of the faculty but for a tragic illness that will confine him to a Denver hospital for two years.

North Hall housed some of the finest men we've ever roomed with: Bob Hagar(my roommate) Jack Hoheizal, Jack McKay, Walter Grothe, Buzz Glass, Gus Empie, may we all be together again next summer.

"Graduation exercises" were held and diplomas handed out to all the people who had attended the camp the three previous years. "Dean" Harris stole the show!!!



Kolos grew in popularity during the camp. Must have warmed John Filcich's heart to have it that way. He's been plugging them a long time out this way. Another camp like this and no one needs worry about their contagious rhythms in this generation.

Favorite international dance was the Bese da; favorite contra, Beaux of Albany; favorite quadrille, probably Gus Empie's "Crawdad"; favorite couple dance, Zillertaler Laendler.

The lawn parties every night were a lot of fun and brought out considerable undiscovered talent, that otherwise might have been lost in the shuffle of hundreds of campers. As in other years they were in charge of Walter Grothe. Two pleasant surprises were the calling of Arden Johnson, Minnesota, and Bill Barr, Wisconsin.

Another surprise enjoyed by all was the night Herb Greggerson called a New England contra, and Ralph Page called a western square. Herb

lost his place and Ralph ran out of breath, but it was all in fun. Wonder when they had time to coach each other?

Una Kennedy, Dublin, Eire, called a square at one of the gym parties, complete with a fine bit of Irish brogue. We loved her "all advance and all retire" routine.

We missed the large Minnesota delegation of other years. However, Arden Johnson, Bud Baadsgaard, and Gil Staube and lovely companions were much in evidence at the second session.

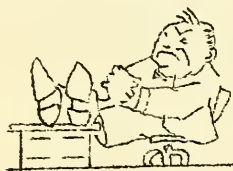
Seemed like every time you turned around a picture was being taken. The "End Zone" was a happy hunting ground for Herb, "Ace" Smith and Phil Maron. Also you never knew when Michael Herman, Ralph Page or George Murton had a movie camera pointed at you. Wonder if anyone took a movie of Ralph and Una dancing the "Rocking Waltz" through the water on the lawn by Anderson gym? A lot of water was sure splashed around when it happened!

Dvora Lapson's Israeli Dances proved decidedly popular. So did Una Kennedy's Irish dance numbers. And Michael and Mary Ann Herman's classes were always "full house."

An honest effort was made to have folk singing an important part of camp life. Grace West led many impromptu song sessions under the trees that line all the campus walks. A fair start was made, and we hope this angle of folk dance camp will be enlarged next year.

A great deal of the success of the 1951 camp was due to the unpublicized work of Dana Murton and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Wahrenbrock. Finding records for the lawn parties, mimeographing, setting up P.A. systems, trouble shooting, locking

class rooms at night, opening them each morning, finders of lost articles, kept their working hours more than full. They never refused a request, and always had a smile. They are the ones to whom everyone owes a vote of thanks.



## IN RETROSPECT

California has a flair for doing things in a big way. The College of the Pacific Folk Dance Camp for 1951 was by far the largest in numbers of any yet held. There can be little argument to their claim that it was the biggest in the world. They would have you believe that it was the best. The point is debatable:

The calibre of dancing was a bit higher than the 1950 camp. More attention was paid to doing the dances correctly than in covering up a lack of ability by shoulder high skirt work.

With few exceptions the campers seemed to be more serious with their dancing; a bit more determined to do the dances as well as possible; a little more patient with detail; and a great deal more interested in backgrounds of the many dances taught. Now, if some of the absent "big shot" leaders (and some who were there) will but take the hint from the people, California square and folk dances will take a big stride forward.

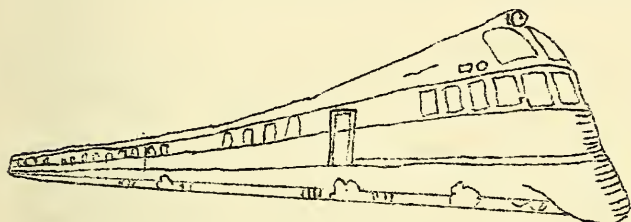
Three camps without a break is too much for the ordinary teacher to take. There was a decided let-down in the third session. You do not have to be religious to take one day in seven off from work.

Was it necessary to be quite as commercial

about your magazine? Everyone knows "Lets Dance" is a good magazine so why were there so many sales talks about its qualities and the need for subscribers? Or for the holders for same?

The last two paragraphs doesn't alter the fact that you had a good school; much better in many ways than the one in 1950. We hope never to be associated with the perfect school or folk dance camp. It would bore us to tears, and so would it you.

So keep on dancing til '52  
When we'll come back to dance with you.



IT'S A  
LONG  
WAY  
HOME

The afternoon and evening after camp closed we were the guest of the Boones in Modesto, along with the Hermans, John Filcich and his girl friend.

All of us felt at home immediately. Enough so that no one had to tell us to eat dozens of ripe plums from a tree in the Boone frontyard.

We were terribly late getting to Modesto, but a friend of Mrs. Boone had prepared a Chinese meal for us and had kept it waiting for us for hours. It was worth waiting for, we assure you. Had our first taste of jasmine tea with the meal.

Then a short drive to the other side of town and another meal in a flower rimmed patio complete with swimming pool.

After the meal Mary Ann taught two of the figures of the Beseda to two sets of dancers. Then across town again in another direction to an outdoor concrete slab, where gathered some hundred of excellent dancers. Michael and Mary Ann outdid themselves with this very receptive group, and we got to call a couple of contras.

Next morning we all had breakfast together in "Pancake Alley" a delightful restaurant on a side street of Modesto.

Then it was time to say "so long." To the Hermans, for just a few days for we planned to see them in New York on the way home. To John and his friend, for a year.

Mrs. Boone and young son drove us to Fresno and if we'd any idea of the distance would surely have put up an argument. It was nearly a hundred miles, and we want the world to know that we appreciate your kindness.

After a little backing and filling up and down the streets of Fresno, we found College Avenue and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bruggiere.

We were in Fresno at their invitation and they proved excellent hosts. At first there was some talk about showing us the sights of that section of California. Sounded like driving all up the state. However, as soon as they realized that what we wanted and needed was rest, that was what we got. An eleven hour sleep that first night was just what the doctor ordered.

The Farmer's Market in Fresno was a riot



of color and interest and we got some nice color movies of it. Also of Roeding Park that afternoon.

Sunday night we called contras for an hour at the public dance slab in this very same park. Once more, our New England dances were a big hit.

Noon of the next day saw us boarding one of the Santa Fe trains for Denver--first stop on the long journey home.



#### SANTA FE-UNION PACIFIC-PENNSYLVANIA

The entire trip home was made by rail for we wanted to see the country from the ground. A wonderful experience but we wouldn't recommend the reclining chair mode of travel to any one in their right mind. If there was a foot rest connected to the bottom of the chair--it wouldn't be so bad. As it is, you can't curl up and you can't stretch out. You're just darned uncomfortable all night long.

One of the nicest parts of the journey was from Bakersfield to Barstow. We drove over and around and through the Coastal Range of hills that stand back a few miles from the coast the whole length of the state. We snaked and letter Ued and ESed at not over 20 miles an hour, and we loved every foot of the way.

Next morning we were in Northern Arizona and began to feel at home. Green grass and a lot of it along with forests of pine trees. We liked some of the mountain pastures enough to want to spend a whole season there.

Northern New Mexico too, was gorgeous country, and if those color movies don't come out we'll be heart broken.

By the time we reached Albuquerque the entire carful of passengers were acquainted with each other. It was like a two day picnic. We sang and told stories and shared books, magazines, and lunches together. 'Twas wonderful.

A night's sleep at a Denver hotel then on to Chicago via the Union Pacific. Once more the trip was made enjoyable by the people in the car with us. The picnic feeling continued. Some folks on the same car who were with us all the way from Fresno to Denver

All meals on both roads were excellent. On the Santa Fe we could smoke wherever we sat in any car. The Union Pacific had a smoking compartment in the forward end of our car. Lights were turned off in our car at nine o'clock. The first conductor must have been an early sleeper and thought he could make us so. It didn't work on a dozen of us; we retired to the smoking room and remained til three o'clock next morning.

We should have flown from Chicago to New York, and could have for one dollar more than the train fare. Saw the Hermans at La Guardia Field and gave them the records brought all the way from California; test pressings of the new contra albums we made for the FOLK DANCER, and get your order in early for they're good.

Got to Keene early that evening in a warm drizzle. First clouds and rain we'd seen for a long long time. Good to be home and smell the clean spicy odor of fir trees. New Hampshire remains our favorite state.

# SQUARE DANCE

## THE LADIES SWITCHEROO

(An original call by Ted Sannella)

Music-McEachern's Breakdown

### The Dance

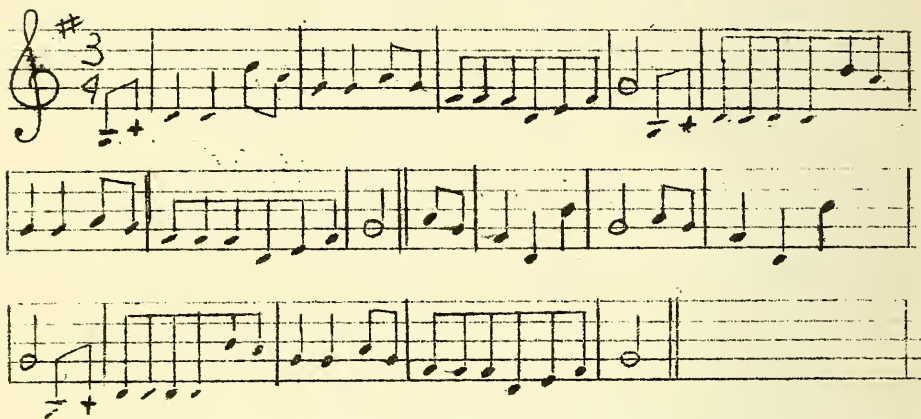
The head two couples forward and back  
 The side two couples forward and back  
 The head two ladies chain to the right just  
 half way round  
 Now ladies grand chain through the center  
 of town(half way)  
 The head two couples right and left two by  
 two(half way)  
 The side two couples right and left too  
 (half way)  
 Do-si-do your corners all  
 Come back and swing your own little doll.  
 The new head ladies chain to the right, now  
 chain them just halfway  
 Now grand chain them through the center, don't  
 you take all day  
 The head two couples half right and left, just  
 like you did before  
 The side two couples do the same, keep moving  
 'cross the floor  
 Allemande left your corners  
 Allemande right your own  
 Swing your corner lady, promenade her home.

(repeat entire dance 3 more times)

## FOLK DANCE

*Ja Sas Norwegian*

as learned from Jane Farwell



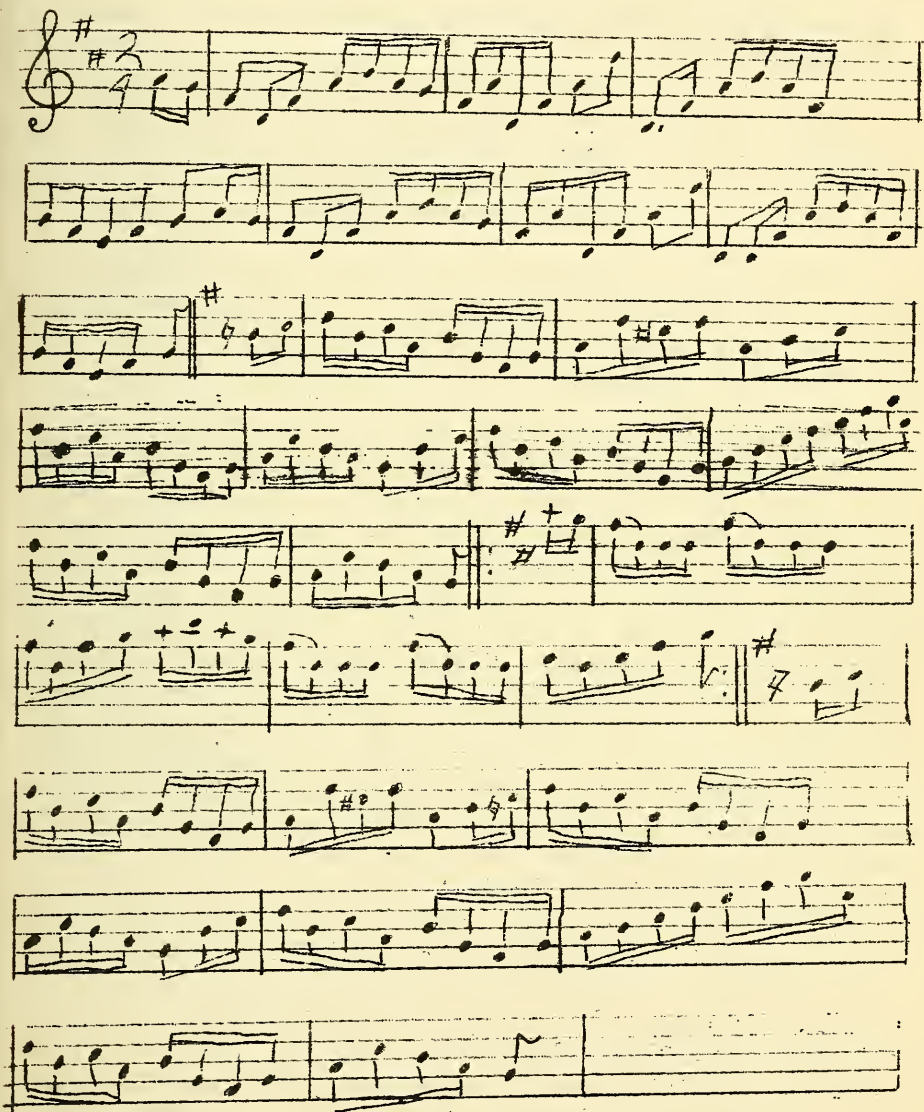
Single circle without partners. One or more extra people are in the center.

All sing: I am waiting, I am hoping  
                     That someone will join me in the  
 ring.                      Won't you come and dance with me  
 my partner?            While the other people stand and  
 sing?                      sing?

    Tra la la la, Ja sas (yes sir)  
     Tra la la la, Ja sas,  
     Won't you come and dance the way  
                     that I do  
     Or must I reverse and go with you?

Here's what you do: While singing the verse, the people in the center walk around and choose partners from the circle. Partners walk, waltz or skip around the circle. Chorus: All turn in place to own right, starting with right foot 3 steps; stamp with left foot and clap own hands once to "Ja sas". Repeat to the left. Then partners hook right elbows and turn around. Reverse. Now each person in the center goes to get new partners.

# CONTRA<sup>21</sup> DANCE





Regular contra dance formation. An even number of couples preferred.

1st & 4th couples active. Do NOT cross over.  
Active couples:

Go down the outside, back, and  
Down the center with partner  
Same way back and cast off  
Turn contra corners  
Balance and swing partners

This is one of New England's favorite contra dances, and this is the easy way to dance it. Be sure you've mastered it this way before trying it with alternate couples active.

The active couples turn away from center of the set, ladies to right and gents to left; walk down the outside of their respective lines 8 steps and 8 steps returning to place. Then they go down the center and back and cast off the next below. Now comes the tricky and most interesting part of the dance. The call is to "turn contry corners". Look at your partner across the set from you. Now look at the people standing at each side of your partner, first at the one standing to YOUR right of partner; this person is your first contra corner. Now look at the person standing at yYOUR left of partner; this person is your other contra corner. Have you got it this far? Then join right hands with partner, walk by and give left hand to your first corner. Drop partner's hand and turn corner with left hand once around so that both of you are facing center of set again (this is nothing more than an allemande left). Give right hand to partner once more and walk around and give left hand to your other corner. Drop hands of partner and turn corner with left hand same as before. Now do a forward and back balance to your partner and swing in the center of the set.

Stop this swing facing UP the set. Step over to place below the one you cast off and you are ready to continue the dance from this new position.

The INACTIVE couples must not go to sleep for they will discover that they will be turned twice in succession by the left hand by TWO different people when alternate couples are active.

Chorus Jig is usually done with 1st, 3rd, 5th, etc. couples active, so read the paragraph above once more. But for goodness sake DON'T expect to dance it this way the first time you do it. And DON'T teach it this way the first time you teach it either. It's just as traditional to dance it with 1st and 4th couples active, so be content for a while to dance it this way.

In parts of New Hampshire you will find the dance slightly different. You will notice the active couples never touch hands as they walk around each other in the center and also turn contra corners by the right hand. After the second corner is turned they will forward six and back, then give right hand to partner in center and turn around into place on their own side of the set. This turn is not a swing. There is a difference in contra dancing between turn and swing. This version is a triple minor contra and not an alternate couple version.

We believe the "forward six" version to be the original version of the dance. It is the way we learned it, years ago in Munsonville, N.H. All the old dance books that we have seen give it this way.

The "alternate couple" variant is more wide spread, and is the one we prefer.

## FOLK SONG

## THE STATELY SOUTHERNER



She was the Stately Southernor  
 And flew the stripes and stars;  
 The whistling wind from west-north-west  
 Blew through her pitch-pine spars.  
 And like an eagle swiftly on  
 She flew before the gale,  
 Till late that night she raised a light,  
 The Old Head of Kinsale.

No thought was there of shortening sail  
 By him who trod the poop,  
 Though by the weight of her ponderous jib  
 The boom bent like a hoop.  
 The groaning chess-trees told the strain  
 That bore the stout maintack,  
 But he only laughed as he gazed abaft  
 At her bright and silvery track.

It was a fine and cloudless night  
 The wind held steady and strong,  
 As gaily o'er the shining deep  
 Our good ship bowl'd along;  
 In foam beneath her trampling bows  
 The mounding waves did spread,

As bending low her waist in snow,  
She buried her lee cathead.

The mid-tide met in the channel waves  
That rolled from shore to shore,  
The mist lay thick along the land  
From Featherstone to Dunmore.  
Yet gleamed the light on Tuskar Rock  
Where the bell still tolled the hour,  
But the beacon light that shone so bright  
Was quenched on Waterford Tower.

The canvas that our good ship bore  
Was topsails fore and aft,  
Her spanker too and standing jib,  
For she was a stylish craft.  
Then "Lay aloft," the captain cried,  
"Loose out your light sails fast!"  
And to 'gal'n's'ls all and royals small  
Soon swelled upon each mast,

What looms upon the starboard bow?  
What hangs upon the breeze?  
'Tis time the packet hauls her wind  
Abreast the old Saltees.  
For by her mighty press of sail  
That clothed each ponderous spar,  
That ship we spied on the misty tide  
Was a British man-of-war.

"Out booms! out booms!" our skipper cried,  
"Out booms and give her sheet!"  
And the swiftest ship that ever was launched  
Shot away from the British fleet,  
As midst a murderous hail of shot,  
His stunsails hoisting away,  
Down channel clear Paul Jones did steer,  
Just at the break of day.

## About the song

In her book "Minstrelsy of Maine" Fanny Eckstrom says: "Paul Jones's Maine-built Ranger is the subject for this song, though why she is called "The Stately Southerner" no one knows. Nor can any one identify the incident the song celebrates."

Regardless of **its** authenticity, historic or otherwise, it is a grand sea-song and has lived for generations in many variants, along the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to New Jersey.

It is the sort of song the sailorman really liked in his hours of leisure. As a rule he did not sing sea songs, since he got enough of that element in his daily life.

When he did sing a sea song, it had, above everything else, to be correct in its use of nautical terms. "The Stately Southerner" meets the most critical requirements in this respect. It is also a rousing good ballad with a stirring tune. It appears with and without music in several collections of folk songs.

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# STARTING A SQUARE DANCE ORCHESTRA

by

*Dudley Briggs*

(continued from last issue)

This section is devoted to tips and advice to musicians, or those attempting to guide them.

## THE VIOLIN:

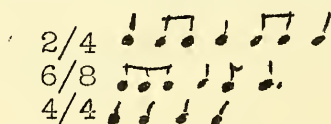
This queen of all instruments (perhaps I should have said king) is going to be all-important. It will carry all the weight of all the melody. It is necessary then, that it be played in tune. It is NOT desirable that the violinist come from the Southern mountains, be unable to read music and play with a tone like a tomcat yowling from the back fence in early spring. The better the musician, the happier everyone will be. The fiddler should be able to read music fairly well or be willing to practice like time, have as powerful a tone as possible, and be able to execute fast runs. Much of this music requires real skill from the melody man. If, in addition, the violinist can read music at sight from the piano part, can impart a good deal of rhythm to the tune, play by ear to some extent, swing a Strauss waltz with the proper verve, and perform folk music with sympathy, then you have more than a violinist—you have a treasure.

A good fiddler checks his pitch quite oft-



en, especially with a piano, as he and the piano both change as they play; he uses a good bow with a full set of hair, and plenty of rosin, as he is expected to make some noise with that thing. He should consider himself not only the melody man, but a rhythm man too. That is just what the old time fiddlers did---they played alone frequently, with melody and rhythm---and called the dances too. All of the music can't be played staccato, but a lot of it should be so that the music sparkles. The music can be dressed up with improvisations, gruppettos, etc. but the rhythm and melody should always be predominant. And if the fiddler is going to improvise he must know how to do it without leaving the melody out in left field.

I like to have the fiddler lead the orchestra, setting the tempo at the beginning by playing a little introduction all alone, which will set the time and notify caller and dancers of the exact moment to begin. Nothing sounds worse than a ragged beginning to a tune. An introduction something in this fashion does well:



These notes should be played on the dominant of the major chord (sol), or on the seventh chord

In regard to electrical amplification of

fiddles--there are two ways of doing it. One is by placing a regular mike on a stand in front of the fiddler, the other is by means of a small contact mike which is fastened to the fiddle itself. Most fiddlers I have talked to say that the contact mike is inadequate, in that it amplifies all the scratchings and bumping of the bow (which a mike on a stand does not pick up) and also, frequently accentuates the high notes over the low ones, or vice versa, giving unbalanced reproduction. One very fine fiddler told me that he thought that anything fastened to a fiddle dampened the vibrations and hurt the tone.

### THE PIANO

In dance music the piano becomes largely a rhythm instrument, and as such it is fully as important as the melody; some think more so. Two cardinal sins the pianist in an orchestra must avoid--trying to play the tune too often, and using the pedals. I like a pianist who almost never plays the tune, except maybe, on waltzes and the like, and who leaves his feet curled up under the bench--so he is never tempted to touch the pedals. This last is because the use of the loud pedal causes the notes to run together and ring like a bell, effectively messing up the music of the whole orchestra. For examples of that, listen to records by Henry Ford.

The pianist has two hands, and each is important, but many mistakenly consider the left hand the more important on rhythm music. True it is very important. A good bass is vital and simple bass progressions have a charm of their own, but ah----that precious right hand---- that's the one the dancers need. That afterbeat, so often neglected--so vital. Why? Because the dancers are putting their feet on the floor on the bass beat, and that's easy. It's the way you pick

them up that counts-and that comes on the after beat. A good, sharp, staccato afterbeat-not over loud-picks up the dancers foot for him. He can not help dancing well, and he can dance forever without tiring.



## THE GUITAR

Here is probably the single best rhythm instrument, after the piano. It can take the place of a piano in an orchestra, especially if it is amplified a little. The Spanish style, of course is spoken of here. It plays both bass and after beat, and such clean, neat chords that the dancers just can't keep still. For a good example of rhythm guitar playing, listen to the records made by the Boston Boys on the Folk Dancer label. These records are so neat, sweet and rhythmic as to constitute what one might call chamber music of square dancing. Often the player of an electric guitar, as the amplified version is called, can alternate on the melody with the violin, or play harmony obligatos.



## THE STRING BASS

This impressive instrument is probably the third or fourth in importance; its booming tones a great aid in defining rhythm and tempo. It is not to be preferred over a guitar as it can give only a weak afterbeat (by slapping the strings, which should be done all the time on square dance rhythms-I like to have it bowed

on waltz rhythms).but the guitar and string bass form an unbeatable rhythm combination. The bass strings shpuld be plucked without snapping and that is the style most players use. There is a style called "walking bass" commonly used by jazz players in which the player makes up progressions based on the chords. In the slower tempo of popular music it is most effective,but in my opinion it overloads the faster music of the squares and so should not be used regularly,but should be reserved for the enhancement of the emotional qualities of the music. Save it for the time when the dancers and caller are really in the mood and want to cut a few capers.



### THE FLUTE

Here is an instrument which is rather rare but is very acceptable for square dance music--it can play right from the violin music without transposing and handles very easily on fast runs and all types of melodies. It should be used with other wind instruments-or violin- as the player is bound to run out of breath sooner or later and need a short time to rest. You will find it most effective on Irish tunes.



### THE CLARINET

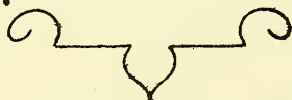
What is said of the fiddle applies also to the clarinet,except that the clarinet is a transposing instrument. The common clarinet is a B flat instrument,which means that its music must be written one note higher than it is to sound.



The most practical thing is for the player to learn to transpose at sight from violin music, playing it one note higher and adding two sharps to the key signature. This is a worth while accomplishment for any clarinetist, as he can then play from any music that is written in concert key, as piano, flute or violin.

If the clarinetist does not transpose, his music must be written out for him, or purchased in orchestration form. This last is not too satisfactory, as it is often written as a harmony or obbligato part, sometimes none of the tune is included. We need that man on either the melody or second part harmony all the time. Let the clarinetist transpose the tunes himself onto manuscript at first, and he will soon learn to transpose at sight.

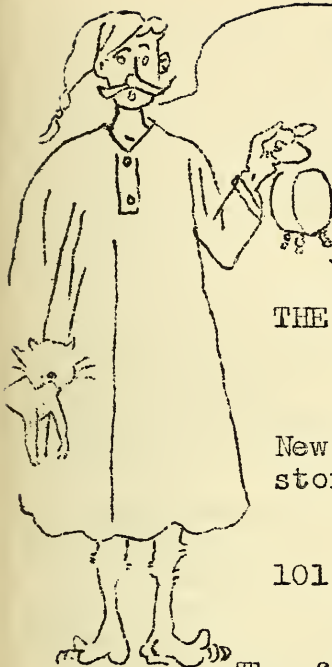
The clarinet was one of the old traditional square dance instruments in New England and with the fiddle make a wonderful melody and harmony combination.



### THE TRUMPET AND CORNET

These are B flat instruments also, in most cases, and so the same things apply about transposing as apply to the clarinet. As they are brass instruments, the player is apt to get wind ed a bit sooner than the wood-wind player and need more frequent rests. Also, they do not play fast music like jigs or reels with the facility of strings or wood-winds. However they are good on slower melodies such as Red River Valley, Solomon Levi, and such. It is also a traditional instrument for New England squares, though seldom used nowadays.

(to be continued)



# SPECIALS

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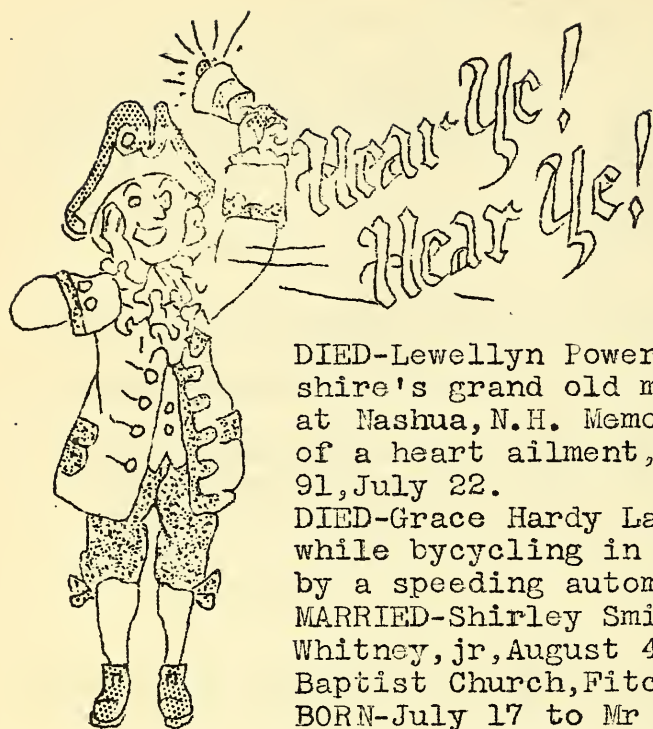
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full line of the FOLK DANCER label records; the  
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DIED-Lewellyn Powers, New Hampshire's grand old man of the bow at Nashua, N.H. Memorial Hospital of a heart ailment, at the age of 91, July 22.

DIED-Grace Hardy Larson, July 30 while bicycling in Sweden killed by a speeding automobile.

MARRIED-Shirley Smith and Philip Whitney, jr, August 4 at the First Baptist Church, Fitchburg, Mass.

BORN-July 17 to Mr & Mrs Arthur Tufts, jr, Exeter, N.H. a son James

Arthur Tufts III.

BORN-August 2 to Dr & Mrs Rudolph Nunnemacher of Sutton, Mass. a daughter, Dorothea.

NORTHERN JUNKET extends its congratulations and best wishes for a long and successful life to THE NEW ENGLAND CALLER, our newest square dance magazine. A pocket size monthly it will give you news and views of clubs, callers, dancers and dances throughout New England. Send \$1.00 to Box 950, Brockton, Mass, for the next 12 issues. Charlie Baldwin is editor, and the following are associate editors: Al Brundage, Earle Davis, Richard Doyle, Howard Hogue, Howard Metcalf, and the business manager is C.W. Metcalf.

The Governor's Conference on Community Recreation comes Monday, September 24, in Montpelier, Vt. Ed Durlacher will be in charge of square dance activities and will call for the party at night.

The Monadnock Region's Sixth Annual Square and Folk Dance Festival will be held Saturday October 6th in Peterboro Town House. Ralph Page & his orchestra will be hosts to the hundreds of square dance lovers attending.

The Second International Square Dance Festival sponsored by PRAIRIE FARMER-WLS in cooperation with the Chicago Park District, will be held October 26-27, in the International Amphitheater Chicago, Illinois.

Write to O'byrne DeWitt, 51 Warren St, Roxbury 19 Mass. for his new listings of Irish and Scottish "Copley" Records.

Friends of Vyts Beliajus will be glad to learn that he is improving since being admitted to J. C.R.S. Sanatorium, Spivak, Colorado. Vyts is still a very sick man.

Lawrence Loy and Guy Mann will conduct a Square Dance Workshop Sept. 28-29 in Middleboro, Mass. under the direction of Howard Hogue.

Folk Dancer records may now be obtained in the Cape Cod area at Louis Deans, 364 Main St, Hyannis, Mass.

The Bay State Square and Folk Dance Association announce a Workshop for Callers, Leaders, Dancers the afternoon and evening of Monday, October 15, under the direction of Al Brundage, Stepny, Conn. Joe Perkins says: "The big BILL GREENLER BENEFIT DANCE will be held on Saturday evening October 20, most likely in the good old Topsfield Town Hall. Keep lissenin fer more details. We know yow all want ter help and yow all want ter be there. We will hav sum tags out soon few advants donayshuns if yer so inklined. So save the date an weel do sum plain and fancy hoedownin fer Bill an his flock." (From NEW ENGLAND CALLER. Charlie Baldwin will call for the Belmont County Dance Club the 1st Thursday of the month, Oct through May. Ralph Page calls for the same club the third Thursday. Place is Payson Hall, Belmont Mass. All square dancers invited.



The Irish Folk Dance Group of the EIRE SOCIETY of Boston announce the meetings of their group every Wednesday night beginning Sept 19 at American Legion Post #324 at 257 Commonwealth Avenue Boston, Mass. Public invited.

Here's something of interest to all people who like to sing or hear Folk Songs. At the Y.W.C.A. 142 Clarendon St. Boston, October through May at 7:00-8:30 P.M. a "New England Singin' Gatherin'" Marion Roberts, leader. Here is a chance to sing familiar folk songs as well as to learn some of the lesser-known ballads, work songs etc. which help to make up our rich New England folk heritage. Guest minstrels will visit occasionally to sing their songs and teach others. You will have an opportunity to share your own favorites with the group. Even if you think you can't sing--- come anyway. At 8:30 everyone can go square dancing with Ralph Page.

Ethnic Folk Dance Groups will be guests at the Tuesday night square dance parties at the same Y.W.C.A. during the winter and fall months. Once a month these groups will join in the dancing and teach us some of their own. Groups already accepting invitations are the English Country Dance Society; Scottish Country Dance Society and the Swedish Folk Dance Group, all from Boston. Al Brundage will again direct daily square dancing at Danbury (Conn) Fair, Sept. 29-Oct 7.



#### NORTHERN JUNKET

Vol. 2 No. 10

Two dollars a year

20¢ per copy

Editor-----Ralph Page

Ass't. eds. Joe Blundon

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Send subscriptions to

Ralph G. Page, 182 Pearl St.

Keene, N.H.





